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The Old Detective's Story.

As an old detective who has landed his full share of criminals on the gallows and behind the bars, I have had some romantic adventures and queer experiences. One of the later has been called to mind, with a day or two by reading of the death of a man in a neighboring city. For convenience sake I will call him Charles De-

I was attached to the force of a Western city, and we had been running along for many weeks without any break on the part of evildoers when a murder occurred. The janitor of a bank found dead in the business office of the bank, with the outside doors open. The man had been struck on the side of the head by some heavy weight and his skull crushed. Nothing had been taken from the bank, and so we reasoned in this way: The robbers had called the janitor to the door on some pretext or other, and as soon as he opened it they rushed in and dealt him the blow. It was the night before a local election, and the approach of people who were carousing or electioneering had rattled the robbers and they had fled. In these days a bank robber would have coolly shut the door and gone to work on the safe, but they were a different class of men then. If they had not been, we should have probably argued differently.

An inquest was held, a verdict rendered that John Shields came to his death at the hands of parties unknown, and he was buried. The robbers had not left the slightest clue behind them, but as I was ambitious to make a name I was allowed to begin work on the case. In a town twelve miles away I found, after a long hunt, a livery stable man who had let a horse and buggy, that night to two strangers, whom he accurately described, and whom he believed to be two robbers. They had told him they were going to Amesbury, but I traced them to Blankville, which was the place where the murder occurred. The town where they hired the horse was Rossburg and they had come there by train in the afternoon. They could have come down to Blankville by the same train, and that they did not, I argued was a sharp trick on their part. They had driven away at half past five o'clock. The body of the janitor was found about 10. The horse had been returned just before midnight. About 10 o'clock, as I had forgotten to tell you, there was an alarm of fire in Blankville, and the fire department was called out to quench a fire which had been set at one corner of a large tannery. The flames had not got much of a start and were speedily drowned out, and the case was reported as the work of boys.

I had, then, after two weeks' work, a clue. Two bank robbers, doubtless from Chicago, had come to Blankville to do up a bank, but had been frightened away after committing a murder. I knew just now they had reacted Blankville and just how they left, and I had descriptions of both. You may say I had but little to work on, as they had come two hundred miles and might not then be within a thousand, or if they were, they had changed their identity; but even the smallest points will encourage a detective who has his heart in his work. In describing the men the stable keeper, who was naturally observing and had a good memory, remembered that the older one had carried a top shoulder, had gold filling in his front teeth, and there was a tremulous motion of the eyelids. You have observed this in people. Those who do it would stammer if they did not wink. There were no points in the description of the other which would serve to identify him on the street. He simply looked enough like the other to be his brother.

I spent two weeks in Chicago looking for my man, and although I was well assisted by the detectives, my search was vain. No one could remember a crook bearing that description. I was at the depot ready to take the train for home, when I ran across a C. B. and Q. R. detective whom I had not seen for several months. As we talked about the Blankville murder I gave him a description of my men, and I had hardly done so when he replied:

'I know them both or at least where they can be found. I saw them in R yesterday, and they are often on the road.'

The town he named was about seventy-five miles from Blankville, on a cross line railroad, and I had not been in it two hours when I located my men. They were brothers, and one kept a bakery and the other a saloon. Both had the reputation of being peaceful, law-abiding men, and they had families. It therefore behooved me to go slow; and the arrests were not made until they were positively identified by the livery man and I had positive evidence that they were away from home at the time. In each case when making the arrest, I was asked concerning the nature of the offense or crime, and I replied that it was for the murder at Rossburg. The prisoners were strangely silent, and though seeming anxious about the future, they refused to talk of the case. I took them to Rossburg, put them in jail, and in two or three days they were arraigned. They had been sent to Chicago for counsel, but he had not arrived. Temporary counsel appeared for them, they pleaded not guilty, and in an hour or two were returned to jail.

You may now ask yourself what

case I had against the brothers. As I looked it over I came to the conclusion that my work had just begun. They had left home without noise, if not secretly; had hired a horse and buggy under false pretences; had driven secretly across the country under cover of darkness. They were objects of suspicion, but I had no proofs. It was my duty to hunt for proofs. I went to the bank to have some questions answered. It was in summer, and the front door stood open. A new janitor had been employed, and as I entered the cashier was saying to him:

'John, get a paper and rap around that brick which holds the door back. It is no ornament as it is.'

Naturally enough I glanced down at the brick. As the janitor lifted it up I took it from his hand, and next instant I had made a discovery: There was a clot of dried blood on the brick, and in the clot were sticking several hairs which I knew had come from the dead janitor's head. I had made an important discovery, but had at the same time ruined my case. The brick had been in the office a year or more. The blood and the hairs were evidence that it was the weapon used to strike the janitor with. 'Would the men come to rob the bank without weapons? Was it likely that the brick was used?' I replied to these in the negative, and I walked straight over to the jail and into the presence of the prisoners, and said:

'Neither of you is guilty of the murder of the janitor.'

'We are not,' they answered.

'You were not near the bank that night.'

'We were not.'

'But you had a secret purpose in coming here that night.'

'We had.'

'What was it?'

'We will tell you.'

That ended the interview. Mind you, every man in the community believed them guilty of murder, and I was the recipient of praise on every hand for what was termed a clever capture. You may think it strange that I went away from the jail as fully determined to clear them as I had been to convict them. The drawback to good detective work is the hesitancy to drop a false scent, or to admit that a pet theory is wrong. I returned to the bank and asked for the average health of the dead janitor. He had been heard to complain of pains around his heart, but otherwise nothing could be said.

Gentlemen, I said to the bank officials, 'your janitor had gone to his cot for the night. A sudden illness seized him, and in his alarm he made his way to the door to call for help. He had got the door open, when he fell to the floor, probably dead, and in his fall his head came in contact with the brick.'

'That is theory,' they answered.

'But I will furnish the proofs. I want a post-mortem examination of the body.'

I had hard work to get it but the result was that three reputable doctors found that the man came to his death by heart trouble. They mixed in some professional terms and some Latin, but that was the substance of it. The day the two prisoners were discharged from custody I said to them:

'I caused your arrest, but I have also brought about your liberation. Now tell me what brought you to Blankville that night.'

'And you will keep it a secret?'

'Yes.'

'To burn that tannery. It belongs to an estate in which we should have shared, but we were defrauded of our rights. In revenge we sought to burn up \$15,000 worth of property.'

I kept it a secret until both were dead.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, lo! day I felt better than for three years past.

Remarkable Bremen Cellars.

As for the cities—for they are really the subjects of our observations, the people being merely accessories, as in Claude Lorraine's landscapes—Bremen was the first as well as one of the most interesting that we have seen. It is a pretty little town, chiefly noted for three things—its present freedom, the former influence in the celebrated Hanseatic league, and the blackletter. With regard to the second of these peculiarities it is only necessary to say that the leaders of the league used to meet in the bath-houses (town hall) here, particularly affecting the large and well-filled cellars, appertaining thereto. In one of these cellars is a vault containing twelve hogsheads of old wine; each cask is named after an apostle. In an adjoining vault is a thirteenth cask bearing the device of a rose; on the ceiling is a gigantic figure of the same flower. It is from the largest number of secret meetings which took place here that the term "sub-rosa" is derived.

The blackletter or lead-cellar has the peculiar property of preserving bottles which have been buried in it. Although in open cases, some have been kept for nearly two hundred years. There are two or three other places in Europe which have the same power, as in Bordeaux and some parts of Italy—there, however, the monks attribute the effect to miracles, not to natural causes.

—Cor. Albany Journal.

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A PIONEER JOURNALIST.

The Late Erasmus Brooks—His Career as a Writer, Politician and Journalist.

Mr. Brooks was born in Portland, Me., on Jan. 31, 1815. His father, James Brooks, commanded the Yankee, which sailed from Portland, and lost his life in the war of 1812-14. Mr. Brooks was a teacher at Haverhill academy, Massachusetts, was a printer by trade, and for forty-one years was editor and proprietor of The New York Express. Earlier he published The Gazette at Haverhill, edited The Portland Advertiser in the Harrison campaign, and was selected to take the electoral vote to Washington. For a number of years he was a correspondent of New York and Boston journals at Washington, and he represented The Express there for seventeen successive sessions. In 1844 he married the youngest daughter of Chief Justice Cranch. The year before his marriage he spent in traveling in Europe. He was an old line Whig, was elected to the state senate in 1855, and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1865-67 and of the constitutional commission in 1871-73. He was the "American" candidate for governor in 1866 and led his ticket by 7,000 votes. In 1855-56 he engaged in a controversy with Archbishop Hughes on the church property question, which caused much excitement. He died on Nov. 23. A couple of incidents will illustrate the skill of Mr. Brooks in beating his journalistic rivals.

Early in the forties there was an important state election, and The Express made arrangements to get the result before its rivals. All the election returns in those days, when Thurlow Weed ran things generally, went to the office of his paper, The Albany Journal, for there was no telegraph to bring the news to New York. Mr. Brooks went to Albany with a force of printers, arranged with Mr. Weed to get his returns, and took type along with him. Mr. Brooks secured the latest returns, when the steamboat left Albany in the evening he got on board with them. So did messengers from the other papers. But Mr. Brooks had transformed one of the state rooms into a printing office, and when the steamboat reached her wharf here had the returns in type ready to be put at once into the form. By this method he managed to have the extra Express on the street with all the news a couple of hours before any of his rivals, and so achieved a great newspaper victory.

Again, in 1845, after Ezra Cornell had built his telegraph line from Albany to this city, The Express made a remarkable "beat" over The Herald in securing the inaugural message of Governor Silas Wright. There was no railroad then, and eccentric James Gordon Bennett, who had a line of pony express from this city to Albany to bring down the legislative news, refused Mr. Cornell's offer to use the wires to get the message, preferring to trust to his ponies. The Brooks brothers gladly accepted Mr. Cornell's offer and got Governor Wright's message over immediately after its delivery. The result was that The Herald's pony express with a copy of the message to be used in the morning Herald met the express riders of the lively Evening Express delivering copies of the paper with the message printed in full. The Herald was badly beaten in a field peculiarly its own, and the hitherto unheard-of enterprise was the talk of the country for months.

LIBERTY'S RIVALS.

Statues Found in Afghanistan that Exceeded Bartholdi's in Height.

The English papers have exhibited considerable jealousy of the friendship that is likely to ensue between France and the United States as a result of the presentation of the great statue of Liberty. This is evidenced in the tone of their editorials, but more particularly in the way in which they illustrated papers ignore such a picturesque subject as the statue of Bartholdi, by giving a small picture of it in an obscure corner of their papers, while the same papers publish elaborate articles on some statues hewn in the rock on the side of a cliff in Afghanistan.



THE STATUE OF BAHMAN 175 FEET HIGH.

The London News says: The statue of Liberty, just inaugurated at New York, is described as towering to the skies, above all known statues of the present and of the past. A much higher statue exists and has long existed, in Afghanistan. The little knowledge which has been obtained of this statue, or statues—for there are more than one—has been hitherto confined generally to a few Indian archeologists; but we are now indebted to the Afghan boundary commission for much more complete information.

These statues are on the principal road between Cabul and Balkh, of a locality known as Bahman. At that place the road passes through valleys, with high steep cliffs of conglomerate. Probably about the early centuries of the Christian era the Buddhists excavated numerous caves, as monasteries for themselves, in the rock of these valleys.

These ancient excavations still exist, and can be counted by thousands. In addition to these, a number of statues of Buddha were cut out of the solid rock. Two at least are still standing, and the largest was measured by Capt. Talbot with the theodolite, so that we now know the height to be at least a few inches. The measurement gave 45-46 feet high; that is rather more by a few inches than the Nelson column in Trafalgar square, and nearly 23 feet higher than the New York figure. This figure of Buddha is the real Great Eastern statue. The celebrated Memnon statue of Egypt would only come up to the knee of this mighty icon. At Bahman there is another figure of Buddha 120 feet high. There are great standing figures there, also a sitting figure about 30 feet high. There are the remains of two other figures, but they are in a ruinous condition, one of them is said to be about 50 feet or 60 feet. These statues were originally well known, either gilt or covered with metal.

At the masonry hall in Aitrah, last week, St. Jacobs Oil took the first prize. Nothing strange in this, as it is highly prized in every family where used—especially in ours.—Bieber, Cal., Mount-a-Tribune.

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